He liſpes in's neighing able to entice
A Millars Mare,
Hee'l be the death of her.
Doctor. What ſtuffe ſhe utters?
Iaylor. Make curtſie, here your love comes.
Wooer. Pretty ſoule
How doe ye? that's a fine maide, ther's a curtſie.
Daugh. Yours to command ith way of honeſtie;
How far is't now to'th end o'th world my Maſters?
Doctor. Why a daies Iorney wench.
Daugh. Will you goe with me?
Wooer. What ſhall we doe there wench?
Daugh. Why play at ſtoole ball,
What is there elſe to doe?
Wooer. I am content
If we ſhall keepe our wedding there.
Daugh. Tis true
For there I will aſſure you, we ſhall finde
Some blind Prieſt for the purpoſe, that will venture
To marry us, for here they are nice, and fooliſh;
Beſides my father muſt be hang'd to morrow
And that would be a blot i'th buſineſſe
Are not you *Palamon*?
Wooer. Doe not you know me?
Daugh. Yes, but you care not for me; I have nothing
But this pore petticoate, and too corſe Smockes.
Wooer. That's all one, I will have you.
Daugh. Will you ſurely?
Wooer. Yes by this faire hand will I.
Daugh. Wee'l to bed then.
Wooer. Ev'n when you will.
Daugh. O Sir, you would faine be nibling.
Wooer. Why doe you rub my kiſſe off?
Daugh. Tis a ſweet one,
And will perfume me finely againſt the wedding.
Is not this your Coſen *Arcite*?
Doctor. Yes ſweet heart,
And I am glad my Coſen *Palamon*

Has

Has made ſo faire a choice.
Daugh. Doe you thinke hee'l have me?
Doctor. Yes without doubt.
Daugh. Doe you thinke ſo too?
Iaylor. Yes.
Daugh. We ſhall have many children: Lord, how y'ar (growne,
My *Palamon* I hope will grow too finely
Now he's at liberty: Alas poore Chicken
He was kept downe with hard meate, and ill lodging
But ile kiſſe him up againe.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. What doe you here, you'l looſe the nobleſt ſight
That ev'r was ſeene.
Iaylor. Are they i'th Field?
Meſſ. They are
You beare a charge there too.
Iaylor. Ile away ſtraight
I muſt ev'n leave you here.
Doctor. Nay wee'l goe with you,
I will not looſe the Fight.
Iaylor. How did you like her?
Doctor. Ile warrant you within theſe 3. or 4. daies
Ile make her right againe. You muſt not from her
But ſtill preſerve her in this way.
Wooer. I will.
Doc. Lets get her in.
Wooer. Come ſweete wee'l goe to dinner
And then weele play at Cardes.
Daugh. And ſhall we kiſſe too?
Wooer. A hundred times
Daugh. And twenty.
Wooer. I and twenty.
Daugh. And then wee'l ſleepe together.
Doc. Take her offer.
Wooer. Yes marry will we.
Daugh. But you ſhall not hurt me.
Wooer. I will not ſweete.
Daugh. If you doe (Love) ile cry. *Floriſh Exeunt.*

Scæna